

EPISTOLA

AD

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4

FRANCISCUM BINDONEM, Arm.

CUI ADJICIUNTUR

QUATUOR ODÆ.

Authore GULIELMO DUNKIN, A.M.

DUBLINII:

Typis GEORGI FAULKNERI.

M, DCC, XLI.

B  L



E P I S T O L A

A D

FRANCISCUM BINDONEM, Arm.



NGENS artis opus manus est
aggressa, * Parentem

Quæ Patriæ liquidis mandare colo-
ribus ausit,

Diversasq; Chao generatim expromere partes,
Et calidos Animæ motus variare per ora,

QUALIS frontis honos! Animi quam vividus
index

5

Emicat excelsi! Sese projectat imago,
Ceu velit audire, et veras mox reddere voces.

Haud *Bindonis* opus, verùm genetricis alumnum
Esse rear subito naturæ; veste Catonem

Mutatâ dias revocatum in Luminis Auras;

10

* Rev. Adm. Jonath. Swift, D. S. P. D.

Aut Latii *Brutum* decus immortale, Tyrannis
 Morte repugnantem, et spirantem libera *Romæ*
 Jura, fidemq; sacram, et sanctas cum sanguine
 leges.

Nec tantas inter series operumq; colores
 Improvisa viam Sors obtulit, aut tibi metam 15
 Ancipiti tetigisse dedit Fortuna supremam,
 Mentis inops lucisq; expers. Quandoq; pusillus
 Decessit melior certamine; turbine rapta,
 Optatum ruat in portum sine remige puppis.
 Nulla sed Heroas graphicos regit atq; canoros 20
 Tempestas, casusve rapit: quamquam Deus ipse
 Exagitat mentes, ac turbida pectora flammis;
 Jura tamen Musarum et non violabile *Phæbi*
 Limen amant; ardent ultrò insanire Catenis,

NONNULLI verò, cerebrum quorum occupat
 ignis 25

Vesanus, rapidâq; rotat vertigine fumi,
 Præcipites in cuncta ruunt, ac lege soluti
 Omnia detorquent rerum in portenta figuras,
 Ast alii, quorum frigent sub pectore corda,
 Sæpe minutatim perstringunt singula cauti, 30
 Et

Et Veneres vitiis infundunt Carbasus inde
 Ringitur in risum, et per vultum tubera crescunt ;
 Dumq; supercilium nigrum sinuatur in arcum,
 Ingens exiguo nasus Super-imminet ori.
 Præterea, ceu jam letheo evicta sopore, 35
 Lumina languescunt : pendent sine motu membra.

Tu verò quodcunq; audes, meliora secutus,
 In lucem speciosa trahis miracula ; nec res
 Tantum imitari almas, quantum transferre videris,
 Vi propriâ pollens et multicoloribus armis. 40

PURPUREAS seu forte genas, oculosq; nigrantes
 Virginis, ora levi deducens æmula tactu,
 Absentem Juveni pestem, absentiq; videndam
 Objicis, et veras accendis imagine flammæ.
 Ille ardet, formæq; inhiat Stupefactus : at illa 45
 Flore rubet vario, aut maturâ pulchrior uvâ,
 Pendentem sicco quam suspicit ore Viator.

SEU juvenem egregio præstantem corpore forsan
 Ingenuoq; struis vultu ; per linthea vivax
 Turget opus ; virtute novâ viget alter et idem. 50
 Haud aliter, dum nocti absunt vaga nubila, et omnis
 Aura

Aura tacet, purum per stagna liquentia latè
 Inverti Cœlum aspicias, Lunamq; renasci
 Lucentem, subterq; faces errare supernas.
 Usq; adeo veris contendunt ficta per artem 55
 Ætheream, dulciq; oculos errore morantur.

CARBASEUS primò campus jacet æquus, ab omni
 Parte rudis, textumq; manûs opus inferioris
 Sordet adhuc, donec Fuci violatus honore
 Paulatim imbiberit Speciem, sensimq; sequacem 60
 Indurit sese in formam : divinitus, ecce !
 Spiritus accendit vultus ; vigor excitat artus !
 Sic ubi tartareum nox intempesta peregit
 Jam cursum, porrecta, gravi velut obruta Somno,
 Terra jacet, dubiâq; Polus vix luce dehiscit ; 65
 At, magis atq; magis lætum exoriente per orbem
 Aurorâ, tandem variarum reddita rerum
 Clarefcit facies, et luminis effluit unda.

Hic decus obscurum, et Specierum labe tumultum

Perpetuâ horrentem petit, impenditq; luto vim 70
 Sordidus. Ille sinus circum talosq; fluentem
 Expandit, multâ percurrans Iride, vestem

Prodigus.

Prodigus. Atqui operis per te totius honores
Summa tenent summos: oculis minus obvia
quæque

Leniter irritant animos, feriuntque latendo; 75
Lucis et Umbrai dum se concordia discors
Exerit hincatque inde, manumque fatetur eandem.

Sic sive, ultrici molitus fulmina dextrâ,
Iracunda Polorum Armamentaria pandit
Jupiter, et celsas crebris ferit ignibus arces; 80
Seu densam in nebulam Spatium cœleste coegit,
Eripuitque diem miseris mortalibus alnum
Torvus: uterque Deum pariter labor exprimit
unum.

Degeneres forsan Proceres minor alter Apelles
Depingat minio, jubeatque tumescere vultum 85
Jejunum, et malis alienis fingere risum:
Ductoresve auro, et perfusos exprimat Ostro,
Armorum bellique rudes, quorum pede mos est
Et pulsare solum, et molles agitare choreas;
Aut teneros fingat flores, aut Cercopithecum, 90
Autcatulum, et volucres, et inanes mente Puellas;
Dum, vetulam mentita Chloen, juvenescit Imago,
Et candet dentes, et labra rubescere discit.

Vana

Vana quidem visu, dictuque indigna Supellex !
 Est in honore tamen, solidoque rependitur auro 95
 Artificis malefida manus; quin protinus exit
 † Angelus aut Zeuxis, quamvis fugitivus et exlex.
 * Qualis erat nuper, qui tactam impune per Urbem
 Polluit ore viros, animamque inflatus Averno
 Bacchantes inter Socios ferus orgia duxit, 100
 Inque Deum, Prolemque Dei verba impia fudit
 Horridus : Ille tamen vivit, neque crimina fronti
 Gestat inusta truci, aut linguam fœdo expuit ore
 Abscctam, sub sole latens; uti colla veneno
 Dira tumens, anguis virides perlabitur agros, 105
 Quâq; ruit, morfu morituras inficit herbas.

|| EXPOSITIS, alii, turpi sub imagine Nymphis
 Cum Satyris, captent suffragia rauca nepotum
 Nocturnos inter calices, aurumque reportent,
 Scurrantis pretium obsequii. Sit laudis honestæ
 Mercedes meruisse tibi fatis, arte pudicos 110

† Michâel Angelo.

* Scurra quidam; obscurus, antequam huc appulit, Pictor;
 qui Blasphemix réus, et ob id scelus ex universo Procerum
 Decreto in jus vocatus, humanum fugâ Supplicium vitavit.

|| Hic honestarum Virginum formas obscœne depinxisse, atq; ve-
 nales inter solutipris vitæ juvenes habuisse fertur.

Oblectare

Oblectare Oculos, et castas vocibus Aures;
 Qui, fixum sub corde diu, dum callidus almam
 Naturam sequeris, Naturæ numen adoras!
 Et meritò; quid enim lætum, quid amabile, celsum,
 Ni calor æthereus, ni desuper impetus adsit 115
 Illius, unde fluunt cunctarum exordia rerum,
 Omnigenamque decor, Mundique volubilis ordo?

ARBITER, haud oculis mortalibus ipse videndus,
 Lucis inaccessæ Solio infidet: at manus altè
 Emicat, et tacitæ mentes formidine pulsat, 120
 Pendentem per inane globum quæ librat, et axem
 Circumtorquet agens, et Cœli sustinet arcem.

Næc vero ingenito dubitandum est impete ferri
 Pictores, æstroque rapi ad pulcherrima sancto
 Dona imitanda Dei, quoniam fabricator Olympi
 Ipse Venuſtatis radiantis, et Ordinis auctor 126
 Est varias Mundi partes modulatus et arcè
 Miris membra modis coeuntia corpus in unum,
 Per Cœlum ac Terras, Pontique per humida regna,
 Artificem testata suum; de quo omnia nexu 130
 Occulto pendent; qui fræna furentibus undis
 Indomitisque dedit; qui Stellas lumine, flammâ

Pāscit inexhaustum per millia sæcula Solem.
 Ipse domus per sydereas agit arduus Annum,
 Inq; relabentem sese rotat; ora diei 135
 Expromit, conditque iterum nigrantibus umbris,
 Ventosq; pluviasq; et atroces grandine nimbos
 Dirigit: ipse Polum vario complectitur arcu;
 Rore nitet; spirat Zephyris; immurmurat Euris;
 Devolat igne vago, flagrantibus intonat iris 140
 Ipse ingens Opifex, qui jam super Æthera pingit
 Et nebulas radiis, et olentes floribus agros.

ERGO, opera Illius longè sanctèque, secutus;
 Ingentem Patriæq; patrem, Cœlique ministrum
 Ante oculos ponis; vestrà quin auspice dextrâ 145
 Et formam, et decus, et generosi pectoris ignem,
 Atque Arti quodcunque dedit Natura, tuemur:
 Cætera at ipsius præclara volumina pandent,
 Unde per ora virum, victor Sermone soluto,
 Tendit iter, spolia ampla trahens! per regna Canopi
 Ceu de fonte sacro septeno volvitur æstu
 Nilus, et arentes late fœcundat arenas;
 Nec non antiqui super alta cacumina Pindi
 Fertur ovans, quò Musa impar stridentibus alis

Non

Non est ausa sequi, nec fuci dædala virtus 115

Immensos Cœli tractus pinxisse fluentis,
Fundentemq; modos, et euntem in nubila Cycnum,

Hunc verò postquam, crudeli funere raptum,
Plorandumq; diu, abstulerint fata, invida Genti;
Dum Cœli convexa petit, Divosq; vocatus 160

Divus adit, Patriæ seu sydus amabile surgit;
Scripta tamen vivent, resonabunt aurea dicta

Ceu Phœbi ex adytis; penitus neq; concidet Heros,

Effigies dum viva calet, spirantq; colores,

Et magis atq; magis fulgeht labentibus annis. 165

* Vos quoq; Virtutis famulos, comitesq; laborum,

Ob pia dona Dei surgentibus addita Fanis

Qui tandem Heroi monumentum insigne per ævum

Egregio posuistis, adhuc si carmina quidquam

Nostra valent, vos astra super plaudentibus alis

Fama feret; quoties animatum in pariete fucum

Postera suspiciet pubes, inhians, animisq;

Hauriet inde ducem, Patriæq; ardebit amore.

• Capitulum S. Pat. Cathedralis Dub. quod propriis impensis tabulam pingi curavit, ob *Primitias* et *Vigefimas* Ecclesiæ Hibernicæ, impetratu Rev. Adm. viri Janath. Swift, ac mediante illustrissimo Comite Oxenienfi, ab Anna Regina, pro Pietate sua concessas. Vide libellum, cui Titulus *Valor Beneficiorum Ecclesiasticorum in Hibernia*.

Quo vero insani ferimur, præclara minantes
 Dona Deum, paucisq; datas attingimus artes,
 Ascensu obnixi summum superare cacumen
 Musarum? lassos oneris, pariterq; viarum
 Fata premunt, heu sæva diu! manibusq; revellunt
 Nequicquam audaces, divasq; in vota vocantes.
 * Scotigenas aliter Pictores atq; Poetas
 Heroum stimulis agitent alta priorum
 Gesta sacris, ultroq; jugi super aspera ferrent
 Attonitos propiore Deo. Tum Carmine longe 175
 Horrendum æterno resonaret nomen Elizæ
 Magnanimæ, fremerentq; fero freta Marte Britanna
 Insolitos mirata duces, lucumq; natantem,
 Atq; dolos, tumidasq; minas, rabiemq; Philippi.
 Horrisonos inter fluctus equitaret † Hoardus
 Hinc, atq; hinc § Draceus atrox, duo fulmina Ponti
 Navigeri; quin flamma, Deo velut acta, volaret
 Vela per, et proras, et opima bitumine transtra.
 Nec pulchrâ dudum pro libertate ruentis,
 Pro templis, miserisq; focus in prælia raptim,
 Haud cantata diu Gulielmi fama jaceret.

* Sic apud antiquos Hibernici sunt appellati; consule Venerabilem
 Bedam. † Howard. § Drake.

Illum inter primos bellantem mœnia propter
 § Pontanæ; cursumq; per agmina quadrupedantem
 Urgentem (glomerata Notus ceu nubila findit)
 Vivaci strueres tabulâ, vatesq; sonarent. 190

VERSIBUS ingemerent hinc inde perennibus Arces
 Concussæ: æternâ fumaret cæde † Bovinda,
 Purpureasq; tumens per carbasa volveret undas.

Nos autem incassum, nec Diis, nec Sortibus æquis
 Excelsum molimur opus. Spes occidit omnis; 195
 Quandoquidem mater Divorum interrita pridem,
 Dives agris, frugumq; ferax, et lactis abundans,
 Externos, amplexa sinu, suscepit alumnos
 Jam nutrix; foris antiquæ dum sanguis Iernes
 Sordet, et in partriis latè miser exulat oris. 200

SIN, mintis invisi Cœlis ac Regibus, auras
 Vitales haurimus adhuc; si clade Bovinda
 Majorum erubuit, gemituq; perhorruit † Ernæ
 Pulsa palus; tot si * Derrenia compita passim

§ Ita pridem nominata, hodie verò Drogheda; oppidum in Comitatu Louth.

† Flumen, quod perfluit Droghedam, Anglice the Boyn.

‡ Anglice Lough-Ern, lacus, in quo extat oppidum Enniskillin in Comitatu Fermanagh.

* Angl. Derry.

Obsidionis adhuc retinent monumenta nefandæ, 205
 Amfractasq; minas murorum, et fulmina Martis,
 Heroum exuvias, Cæsar, venerare; nepotes
 Respice; namq; tibi nec gens divinctor ulla,
 Nec bello, nec pace prior; tuq; inclyta proles,
 Et populi communis amor, Frederice, labantes 210
 Suspice Pierides, tibi stringunt undique laurus,
 Et pandunt Heliconæ Deæ. Sanctissime custos,
 Exorere, O! nostris lætum modò Sydus Athenis,
 Aoniosq; tuis hîc pasce caloribus ignes.





O D E II.

A D

Virum vere Honorabilem Johannem,
Comitem Orreriensem.

BOYLÉE, magnis ortæ parentibus,
Virtute major, quis Deus appulit
Te rursus infaustis Iernes
Finibus, occiduoque Phœbo ?
Fœcunda Divis quæ prius incolis
Victrix Eois detulit Urbibus
Trophæa, sacravitq; latè
Marmoreis monumenta Templis,
Jam terra plangit, nuda Penatibus.
Gentis ruinam vidimus ultimam:
Quin servient ultrò minores,
Immemores melioris ævi.
Quâcunq; tendis, tristis Inertia
(Nam nunc honestis quis locus artibus ?)

Occurrit :

Occurrit : hinc ipsis Britannis 15
 Mille Fames miseranda formis.

Inculca tellus vepribus horruit,
 Nec pace vomer sub placidâ nitet :
 Vertenda bubus, rura tondent
 Vellera oves aliis ferentes. 20

Frustra patentes provocat in sinus
 Neptunus ægros undiq; navitas :
 Oras petentes, heu ! beatas,
 Ceu Stygiâ cohibemur undâ.

Utcunq; Divæ duplicis aleam 25
 Mœrens iniquam, funus et artium,
 Ædesque Cœlo dedicatas,
 Non humili tremulas procella ;

Fœliciori te tamen alite
 Proles reductum Pæonis aspicit, 30
 Sævosq; prægestit labores
 Pierio relevare plectro.

Sic dum Diei vividus arbiter
 Perstringit almo lumine pendulas,
 Sub vere, nubes, jam renato,
 Ridet agris lachrymosus Æther.



O D E II.

Ad Rev. Adm. Virum *Georgium Marlæum*
S. T. P.

DUM Natura parens munera divite
Fundit læta sinu ; frondibus Arborea
Dum vernant teneris, pictaq; floribus
Jam tellus redolet novis ;

Nec tristes nebulas, nec Boreæ minas
Horrent Agricolaë, quin et amantium
Concentus volucrum præcinit annuas
Per Plantaria nuptias :

Te fraterna tenent rura, sororibus
Dilectum Aoniis ; pascit amœnior
Te, Marlæe, quies ; unde nec Ambitus,
Nec spes lubrica distrahit :

Seu Flacci Veneres te recreant tui,
 Seu te, Mœonii carminis æmula,
 Reptantem virides Musa per Areas
 Fallit, tramite devium.

15

Non hæc conveniunt gaudia fordidis,
 Nec multos epulis Pieridum sacris
 Dignantur Superi, nec sua Virgines
 Vulgo mystica barbaro

20

Recludunt. Comites Cynthus abnegat,
 Quos aut livor edax, aut agitat metus,
 Linquendive rapax cura peculii
 Lætis sæpe nepotibus.

25

Hunc deducta domo, moribus imparem,
 Mentitur veteri gloria nobilem;
 Ast illum nitidæ fors inhonestior
 Agnoscit Dominum rei:

Nec paucos levium turba Clientium
 Vanis esuriens inflat Honoribus;
 At, confisa suis ignea viribus,
 Virtus tendit in arduum.

30

Hac

Hac mercede potens frater et auspice

35

Alternata feri fræna regit Fori,

Quo nemo melior jura resolvere,

Æqui nec quis amantior.

Nec qui Pierio numine plenior

Immortalis alit carminis impetum.

40

Hoc tu, non alio, præsidio potens,

Sacris pastor Ovilibus

Incorruptus ades ; proferet in diem

Hæc te, quò latitas cunq; sub angulo ;

Nec, quam sponte colis, grata premi finet

Vestro Musa silentio.

C 2

O D E.



O D E III.

In Alexandrum Popeum, Poetarum
Principem.

NEQVVICQVAM, vacuâ lufus imagine,
Ignes æthereos et fibi fpiritum
Vatis Mœonii vindicat Ennius :
Lux et grande decus gentis Achâicæ
Tandem poft cineres, ecce, renafcitur
Ingens Iliados conditor Anglicæ !

QUALIS carminibus multifonantibus
Majeftas oritur ! vix Animis Mare
Eurorum reboans volvitur altiùs,
Fundamenta Soli murmure dum gravi,
Sublimemq; procul concutit Æthera,

10

PHOEBEO rapitur Popæus alite,
Per prærupta vagus Pieridum juga ;
Seu lætatur ovans fontibus integris,
Fœcundatq; fuâ fruge Britanniam,
Seu, vexilla parans tollere Homerica,

15

Victor

Victor per numeros intonat arduos,
 Concurſuq; novos colligit impetus.
 Sic, delapſa Polo, flamma per aridas
 Sylvas carpit iter, paſſibus acrior,
 Nocturnaſq; vomit per tenebras diem. 20

Quis dictis iterum geſta potentibus
 Heroum referet? Quis canet Hectora,
 Turrim Trojugenum? vim quis Achilleam,
 Cedentem ſtomacho, haud Marte domabilem?
 Tydidenve, manu Cœlicolis parem? 25
 Aut Graiis Odium funebre plurimis,
 Nunc Pelidis atrox, nunc Agamemnonis,
 Mulcentem liquidis Neſtora vocibus?

AN fedes alius viſere lucidas
 Auſit, Concilium Dîis ineuntibus, 30
 Seu dites epulas Neſtare? Quis jovem
 Maieſtate truci Fulminis induat,
 Scindentem nebulas? Cui licet Arbitro
 Deduxiſſe Deos Æthere milites?

SPIRAT Mœonidem Popëus unicè, 35
 Defenditq; vices carminis aurei.
 Sic, poſtquam officio ſe priùs aſtrifer
 Subduxiffet Atlas, impiger Hercules
 Molem ſuſtinuit ſolus Olympicam,



O D E IV.

Ad Bernardum * Uvardum, A. B. in
Britanniam profecturum.

CËU Mercator, opum quamvis jam dives, amœnæ
Conjugis amplexum sobolemq;
Deferit invitam, velisq; volantibus oras
Externas petit ; unde Penates
Barbaricâ decoret gazâ Patriamq; reversus,
Venturæq; viatica vitæ
Extruat : indigenis tu sic imbutus Athenis,
Et patriis virtutibus auctus,
Dignus avis atavisq; Puer, meditaris aquosum
Lætus iter ; dum condere jura 10
Mente paras legesq; piâ ; quò deinde paterna
Concutias non degener arma
Astreæ per castra sacre. Sæpe illa per umbras,
Criminibus violata nefandis,

Palatur, paucisq; Deæ tralucet imago

15

Veridicæ mortalibus alma :

Unde per ambages ac mille pericula vitæ

Canæ Fides, heu ! militat anceps ;

Et Fraus insequitur, fraudiq; simillimus Error.

Viribus ipse autem senioris

20

Ingenii, puroq; potens ante omnia Templo

Mox Animi ferventis, opacam

Paulatim abrumpes nebulam, nudumq; videbis

Virginis os veneremq; bilancis.

Carpe vias ergo, quô te Themis inclyta prolem, 25

Expromens Oracula, ducit,

Virtutisq; tibi frondentem in vertice Palmam

Victricis procul aurea tendit.

Macte novis ausis ; te nunc accinge Palæstræ,

O juvenis ! graviora ferendo.

30

Te chari repetent florentem ætate Parentes,

Te spes intemeranda Tuorum,

Et Patriæ telluris Amor : formidine quali,

Quas fruges mandaverat arvis,

Rusticus inverfis olim, sub vere reposcit,

At multò magis uberiores ;

Jamq; resurgentem cernit, Cererisq; futuræ

Hinc Sylvam Simul inde natantem.

E

F

P

A N
E P I S T L E
T O

FRANCIS BINDON, Esq;

To which are added

A N
O D E

To the Right Honourable

JOHN Earl of ORRERY.

And one on Mr. POPE.

Translated from the Latin by different Hands.

D U B L I N:
Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER.
MDCCXL.

EPISTLE

FRANCIS BIRTON

To which

OF

JOHN BISHOP OF OXFORD

And one on

Transcribed from the Latin by

W. B. B.

Printed by G. & C. P. & Co. in



M

By



We
Af
W
Cal
Stan
And



A N
E P I S T L E
T O
Mr. BINDON,
O C C A S I O N E D

By his painting a Picture of the Rev. Dr.
SWIFT, Dean of St. *Patrick's*.



WHILST on the Canvas, by your match-
less Hands
Confest, the Father of his Country
stands,

We praise the wond'rous Man, whose bold Design
Aspir'd to imitate the Form Divine,
Whose curious Pencil from the Shades of Night 5
Call'd forth each manly Feature into Light,
Stamp'd Life's warm Character on ev'ry Part,
And bid the breathing Picture speak the Heart.
How

How awful swells the rising Front, enshrin'd
 Where Honour sits, and dictates from the Mind? 10
 List'ning the Patriot seems, as rais'd to say
 Some serious Truth, or tune th' instructive Lay.
 So regular each Grace, so strong the Lines,
 Such Life through all the bold Resemblance shines;
 That Nature at first View asserts the Frame, 15
 And half defrauds the Artist of his Fame.
 Change but the flowing Garment's thin Disguise,
 And either *Cato* stands before your Eyes;
 Or he, who, glorious in the Tyrant's Doom,
 Breath'd the last Air of Liberty and *Rome*, 20
 Then greatly bleeding seal'd the sacred Cause
 Of Freedom, Faith, his Country and her Laws.

Nor in the Course of your superior Art
 Can Fortune be presum'd to bear a Part;
 No less'ning Calumnies can Envy raise, 25
 As yours the Labour, yours be all the Praise.
 In War the Base and Feeble oft attain
 The Palm, for which the Valiant bleed in vain;
 The Vessel oft has reach'd her friendly Port,
 Unsteer'd, unmann'd, of ev'ry Wind the Sport. 30
 But no such erring Chance supports the Claim,
 Which Painters and the Poet bear to Fame,
 Those

Those favour'd Mortals, whom the Muses own,
 From Fortune free, obey the Muse alone.
 What though, with wild Divinity possest, 35
 All *Phœbus* glows, and kindles in their Breast;
 Yet still they love to haunt *Parnassian* Ground,
 Nor violate the Laws, nor pass the Bound:
 The sacred Mandates of the Muse restrain,
 And if they rage, they rage within their Chain, 40

BUT some, who, fancying that the God inspires,
 Mistake a Fever for the hallow'd Fires,
 Rush blindly on, all Laws and Bounds despise,
 Their Madness kindling, as the Vapours rise:
 Hence Monster's and Chimæra's fill the Scene, 45
 And all the Coinage of a frantick Brain.

OTHERS, who labour in the cold Extreme,
 Are equally absurd through want of Flame;
 O'er all their Works a dull Exactness reigns,
 Betrays no Genius, but a World of Pains; 50
 Their Figures awkward, stupid, stiff, and dry,
 With Nerves convuls'd, and Muscles drawn awry,
 No Symmetry, nor fair Proportion own,
 But each distinguish'd Feature stands alone.

Two great, black Brows, with venerable Grace 55
 High overshadowing, intrench the Face;
 While the small Mouth and smaller Chin repose
 Beneath the Covert of a monstrous Nose:
 Dullness and Sloth the *Dutch* Performance crown,
 The Eyes wax dim, the still, dead Limbs hang down.

BUT you, whom nobler Emulation warms,
 Pursue fair Nature through her choicer Charms:
 Your Pencil, regular, without Restraint,
 Transfers the Graces, which it seems to paint;
 The genial Colours teem at your Command, 65
 And own Obedience to the Master's Hand.

SHOULD some fair Nymph, supreme in Beauty,
 reign,
 The Pride and Envy of the Virgin Train,
 Whose blooming Cheeks a purer Blush disclose,
 And mingle chaster Lillies with the Rose, 70
 With her soft Form the Lover you surprize,
 Strange Art, which can deceive a Lover's Eyes!
 Fir'd with the Sight, he owns the Rival Charms,
 And Beauty, though but counterfeit, alarms:
 Still as he views, the Tide of Love returns,
 Again he gazes, and again he burns.

The

55 The smiling Form seems lovely as the Flow'r,
Which paints the Mead, or decks the fabled Bow'r,
And tempting as the Grape, to which the Swain
Thirsting looks up, and longs to taste in vain. 80

BUT when the bolder Youth demands your Care,
Firm are his Nerves, and honest is his Air :
The Canvass swells beneath the manly Frame,
Tho' feign'd, not false, another, yet the same.

5 THUS in the Silence of a Cloudless Night,
The Air becalm'd, and clear the Silver Light,
On the smooth Bosom of the Deep arise
Pale Fires, revolving with inverted Skies ;
The brighter Moon, presiding o'er the Scene,
Again renews her Horns, and leads the Train ; 90
With Nature's self the Heav'n-drawn Pictures vie,
And, pleasing in Delusion, charm the Eye.

A LEVEL Field at first the Canvass stands,
Sordid and rude, the Work of vulgar Hands,
Till Colours pour their Riches o'er the Grain, 95
With various Dies enobling, as they stain ;
Then faintly sketch'd, the Embryo-shape is drawn,
And Hints of future Life begin to dawn.

The

The Canvass, rude and sordid now no more,
 Imbibes the growing Form at ev'ry Pore, 100
 Till all compleat, behold, the Man arise,
 Strength in his Limbs, and Light'ning in his Eyes!

As, when the Night her black Career hath made,
 The Earth lyes stretch'd beneath the drowsy Shade,
 The yawning Pole scarce gleams a sickly Ray, 105
 As if inconscius of returning Day,
 But soon as mild *Aurora* shews her Head,
 The Gloom disperfes, and the Shades are fled,
 Then dawns the infant World, Skies, Earth and
 Seas,

Emerging slowly with the ripening Blaze, 110
 Till, quite unveil'd, they flame in open Light,
 And the broad Flood of Day invades the Sight.

ONE Painter crowds a huddled Groupe around
 Of Figures, plaister'd on a dull-daub'd Ground: 115
 Another, still more curious, bends his Care
 To fold a Garment, or adjust a Hair:
 Such Grace the many colour'd Robes exprefs,
 The Man seems made, but to compleat his Dress.

BUT your superior Hand, with juster Art, 120
 Gives due Pre-eminence to every Part,

To the first Point of View the first aspire,
 While lesser Beauties modestly retire,
 Yet, spread in silent Ambush, charm alike,
 And catch the Eyes, unconscious how they strike,
 The Lights and Shades a pleasing Discord raise,
 Yet both agree, to speak the Master's Praise.

So, whether *Jove's* majestick Thunders roll,
 And Fires careering dart from Pole to Pole,
 Or deep-brow'd Clouds the smould'ring Wrath re-
 strain, 130

Mantling in dreary Gloom the prostrate Plain;
 The Scenes, though vary'd, one great Author own,
 And either Labour makes the Godhead known.

Let others ill describe the worthless Peer,
 With Air insulting and unmeaning Sneer, 135
 For Woes unfelt who never learn'd to grieve,
 But laugh'd at Wretches, when he could relieve.
 Or daub the noble Captain, brave and bold,
 In Gold and Scarlet dreadful to behold,

First in the Courtly Ball, who dares advance, 140
 And, though he leads no Soldiers, leads the Dance.

Let

E

Let vulgar Artists paint the flow'ry Scene,
 Apes, Parrots, Lap-Dogs, and the Female Train
 Empty alike and vain : let Chloe stand
 Brought back to Beauty by the servile Hand ; 145
 Her Teeth repair'd with polish'd Iv'ry vye,
 Her ancient Lips the Tyrian-bloom belye.
 At sights like these how swells the honest Heart ?
 Yet solid Gold repays the faithless Art :
 The lucky Flatt'rer all conspire to raise, 150
 And he and Angelo divide the Praise.
 Praise every outlaw'd Vagabond may claim,
 Who flies from Justice, but to rise in Fame.

* SUCH lately was the Wretch a Kingdom law,
 Whose daring Vices seem'd above the Law ; 155
 His howling Orgies through the Land he lead,
 Our Youth destroying, as the Poison spread :
 God and the Son of God with impious Rage
 The Slave blasphem'd, and mock'd the sacred Page ;
 Yet still he lives, no Brands his Crimes proclaim, 160
 Spar'd from the Dogs, his Tongue may still Blas-
 phame

* This happened in the Year 1738, during the Mayoralty of that excellent Magistrate Alderman William Walker, who used his utmost Endeavours to have that abominable Fellow apprehended and brought to condign Punishment.

The Monster braves the Vengeance of the Skye,
 And skulks, O Sun! beneath your hallow'd Eye;
 Through verdant Meads thus unsuspected glides
 The baneful Snake, and poisons, as he slides.

LET such the Nymphs and lustful Satyrs feign,
 In Shapes uncouth and Attitudes obscene; 165
 O'er Midnight Bowls their hoarse Applause be
 told,

And Spendthrifts pay the Pandar-Tribe with Gold.
 Be yours the Praise to scorn the servile Part,
 Contented with the Gains of honest Art;
 Content to please the chaster Sense alone, 170
 And make each modest Attribute your own;
 While Nature's Paths unerring you explore,
 And Nature's God, which you pursue, adore,
 What cou'd the Earth or liquid Air produce
 Great, lovely, fair and apt for mortal Use, 175
 If Nature's brooding Spirit ceas'd to feed
 The teeming Womb, and warm the genial Seed?
 Heav'n-born from that eternal Sire she springs,
 Who made the old Originals of Things;
 Who rang'd the Universe in fair Array, 180
 Harmonious rowling round her order'd Way.
 On high the Father in eternal Light,
 Veils his thron'd Majesty from mortal Sight;

But

But Mortals own his Hand, the Pow'r controuls
 Their silent Thought, and overaws their Souls;
 That Power, which hangs the World on empty
 Space,
 And whirls the Heav'ns around their endless Race.

NOR can we doubt an Energy Divine,
 Which fires the Painter to his great Design,
 With restless Impulse urging to display 190
 The Works of God, and trace his wondrous Way;
 For he, who moulded Heav'n's mysterious Frame,
 Of beauteous Order Architect supreme,
 Contriv'd the lower World, each various Part
 To one great Whole with admirable Art 195
 Connecting: Him the Elements declare,
 The Sea's moist Rain, fixt Earth and ambient
 Air:

From him depends th' inexplicable Chain,
 Which links eternal Fate. He bounds the Main:
 The troubled Waves at his Command subside, 200
 He reins the Surges, and controuls the Tide.
 From him the Stars, which throng the nightly
 Sky,
 Their trembling Beams with humid Light supply,

From

From him the ever-burning Lamp of Day
 Recruits his Urn, and feeds his orient Ray. 205
 Thro' Heav'n's bright Signs he leads the circling
 Year,
 And rounds the Seasons' regular Career.

THE same great Sire unveils the Morning Light,
 And spreads the gloomy Curtain of the Night;
 Directs the Clouds their wintry Stores to pour, 210
 Hail, Rain and Snow, cold Sleet and driz'ling
 Show'r.

Him in the watry-colour'd Bow we view,
 Which girds the Pole; he sparkles in the Dew,
 Breathes in the Zephyrs, murmurs in the Gale,
 Burns in the Shaft, and thunders in the Peal, 215
 The azure Cloud one heav'nly Artist stains,
 And paints the flow'ry Fragrance of the Plains.

Him therefore following with religious Awe,
 The Patriot delegate of Heav'n you draw,
 Whose single Virtue sav'd a sinking Land, 220
 A meaner Subject had disgrac'd your Hand.
 In these well imitated Lines we trace
 The gen'rous free-born Soul, the honest Face,

The

The firm intrepid Air, the glowing Heart,
And all that Nature gave, express'd by Art. 225

The rest his own immortal Works proclaim,
A fairer Monument, than Art can frame.
In Prose unfetter'd, if the Victor chuse
To triumph, and dismiss th' attendant Muse,
Acclaim'd by ev'ry Voice, he leads the Throng,
And draws an ample Length of Spoils along:
So from the Fountain of his hidden Stores
The Nile, indignant of opposing Shores,
Supreme of Rivers rolls a sev'n-fold Train,
And pours redundant Plenty o'er the Plain. 235
But, when the Muse delights, on sounding Wings
High rais'd, above the Sons of Earth he sings:
New pathless Climes the tow'ring Swan explores,
The Tops of Pindus less'ning, as he soars.
Nor dares, however fond, my feeble Lay 240
With flutt'ring Pinions tempt th' aerial Way,
Nor can the Painter trace him through the Skyes,
Piercing the Clouds, and warbling as he flies.

HIM

HIM much lamented when the World shall
mourn,

By Fate un pitying from their Wishes torn ; 245

When now no more to tune a Mortal Lyre,

Himself a Saint, he mingles with the Choir,

Or crown'd a Star, his Country's grateful Sign,

Meek-beaming Sheds his Influence benign ; 250

Yet then his Works with fairer Fame shall live,

The richest Legacy his Love can give,

The golden Lines, like Oracles, confess

Of Truth the standard, and of Wit the Test.

Nor shall the Hero feel a Mortal Blow, 255

While Paint can charm, or breathing Colours glow;

His Form shall last, when Ages roll away,

Improv'd by Time, and mellow'd by Decay.

* And you the Partners of his pious Care,
Whose Deeds adorn the Character you bear, 260

Shall fill the Breath of everlasting Fame,

If Verse like mine can consecrate a Name.

This grateful Monument you rais'd to SWIFT

Whose Voice procur'd immortal *Anna's* Gift,

• The Chapter of St. *Patrick's* Cathedral *Dublin*, at their own
Expence caused a Picture at full Length to be painted, beautifully
framed, and hung up in the Deanery House in the Year 1739, in
Commemoration of the first Fruits and twentieth Parts granted
through the Piety of Queen *Anne*, to the Uses of the Church of
Ireland, for improving poor Vicarages, and encouraging Residence ;
by the Solicitation of Dr. *Swift*, in 1710.

A Gift devoted to her kindred Skies, 265
 To grace the Church, and bid her Altars rise.
 While from the Canvas with maturer Light,
 The Colours glow, and swell upon the Sight,
 The future Youth on this intent shall gaze,
 And pant, and sicken with a Love of Praise; 270
 Their boiling Blood in larger Channels roll,
 And all the Patriot kindle in their Soul.

BUT whither do we stray with thoughtless
 Pride,
 And fondly boast, what Phœbus hath deny'd;
 In vain we emulate the sacred Fire, 275
 No Muse protects us, and no Gods inspire.
 Slow lab'ring up the laurel'd Hill, we strain,
 Fate pulls us backward, and we climb in vain,
 In vain invoke the Nine, our fruitless Pray'r
 Unheeded, and our Vows dispers'd in Air. 280

ELSE shou'd *Hibernia's* languid Sons have shown
 Their ancient Fire, and Genius, once their own,
 First of the Train the sacred Steps have trod,
 And felt a double Portion of the God.
 Then shou'd the Wonders of *Eliza's* Reign 270
 In Numbers not ignoble swell the Strain,
 Loud through the lofty Lines her Thunders roar,
 And *Spaniards* tremble on their distant Shore.

Then

Then shou'd the *British* Fleet triumphant ride,
 Her Conquests only bounding with the Tide; 275
 Again to curb the proud *Iberian's* Boast,
 Shame of his Threats, and Terror of his Host,
 On his broad Back old Ocean with Surprise
 Shou'd see strange Arms and floating Forests rise,
 Beneath the Shock of Hostile Navies groan, 280
 And wonder at a Tempest not his own.
 High o'er the hoarse-resounding Deep shou'd reign
Howard and *Drake*, those Thund'ers of the Main,
 From Ship to Ship their angry Light'ning blaze,
 And blasted Hulls lye scatter'd o'er the Seas, 285
 Nor shou'd the long-neglected Lyre unstrung,
 Nor *Nassau's* honour'd Name remain unsung:
 When lawless Pow'r attempted to enslave,
 He heard a Nation's Cries, and fled to save:
 For fair Religion, Liberty and Fame, 290
 The Hero fought, he bled, he overcame

HIM near *Pontana's* Walls, a glorious Sight,
 First of the foremost in the Rage of Fight,
 His fiery Courser thund'ring thro' the Throng,
 (As Tempests drive the scatter'd Clouds along)
 Him all the Honours, which the Muse can bring,
 Your Hand should picture, and the Poet sing.

In deathless Numbers shou'd the Battle shine,
 And tott'ring Tow'rs still tremble in the Line ;
 The *Boyn* fresh reek with ever-streaming Blood,
 And down the Canvass roll a Purple Flood.

BUT we in vain, our Fates and Fortunes crost,
 Labour a lofty Theme ; our Hopes are lost,
 Since fair *Ierne* once an Isle divine
 Where Saints grew old, and Heroes learn'd to shine
 Whose bursting Soil a yellower Harvest yields,
 And whiter Fleeces cloath her teeming Fields ;
 Since she, neglectful of her num'rous Race,
 Hath foster'd Aliens in her warm Embrace ;
 To Aliens yielded her ungrateful Store, 310
 And spreads her Bosom to her Sons no more ;
 The miserable Sons, no more her Care,
 Unmann'd by Want, and abject thro' Despair,
 O'er the wide, friendless World condemn'd to roam,
 Or starve in Exile, in their native Home. 315
 But yet, if Gods, or Kings incline to spare,
 If not forbid we draw the vital Air ;
 If e'er *Bovinda's* memorable Flood
 Blush'd with the Crimson of our Fathers Blood ;

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If * *Erne* sounded with the wild Uproar 320

Of hostile Arms, along her sedgy Shore :

If *Derry's* leaguer'd City yet can show

The wasteful Traces of the publick Foe,

Her shatter'd Bulwarks, glorious in their Fall,

And Balls, that play'd, not guiltless round her

Wall :

325

If these, O *Cæsar* ! can obtain thy Grace,

Revere the Heroes, and protect their Race,

Of gen'rous Sires protect the loyal Seed,

Like them prepar'd, when Virtue bids, to bleed ;

To you in War attach'd, in Peace to you, 330

No Subjects firmer, and no Hearts more true.

AND Thou,* of ev'ry Hope Illustrious Heir,
The Love of Nations, and, of Realms the Care,
In whom the meanest Subject claims a Part,

Born to inherit, with his Crown, his Heart, 335

Receive the helpless Nine, distress'd they sue,

And plead a Title, to be heard by You.

For you they consecrate their choicest Lays,

Disclose their Springs, and wreath the eternal Bays.

* Lough *Ern*, in which stands the Town *Emiskillin*, whose Inhabitants distinguished their Valour in the late Wars.

Rise then, auspicious Star, the Muse defend, 340
 The Guardian of our *Athens* and the Friend,
 To this bleak Clime extend your genial Fire,
 And patronize the Song, which you inspire.



A N
O D E

To the Right Honourable

JOHN Earl of ORRERY.

I.

O Boyle, by Birth and Titles great,
Ennobled by thy Virtue more,
By what Indulgence of our Fate
Revisit you this dreary Shore:
Alas, how alter'd and defac'd,
Unhappy Soil, a wide and chearless Waste!

II.

Not drooping thus in happier Times,
When Learning rais'd her laurel'd Head,
Fair Isle of Saints, to distant Climes
Her Triumphs Eastward far she spread;
Her Poets in each Region sung,
And with her Hymns each rising Temple rung.

Far

III.

Now o'er th' uncultivated Ground
 The wond'ring Traveller descries
 Thin Cottages, dispers'd around:
 The Seats of Penury arise:
 Unmindful of a better Age,
 Her Sons in willing Slav'ry shall engage.

IV.

Where'er you turn, on ev'ry Side,
 Lo! Sloth and shiv'ring Want appear;
 For how can honest Arts abide?
 Can Industry inhabit here?
 Pale Famine hence the Land infests,
 And moves Compassion ev'n in *British* Breasts,

V.

How mourn her Fields! entangled Thorn
 And prickly Brambles hide each Plain;
 No Plough-shares in the Soil are worn,
 No Furrows wave with golden Grain:
 Flocks whiten all the Lands, which bear
 Fleeces their Owners are deny'd to wear.

VI.

In vain her Shores fair Ocean laves ;
 Ports open on her winding Coast
 Joyless we view, forbidden Waves,
 And Nature's idle Blessings boast,
 Longing like Shades for farther Side
 With Arms outstretch'd ; *Styx* rolls between her
 Tide.

VII.

Howe'er *Apollo's* tuneful Race
 Their Country's Downfall justly mourn,
 Her Arts destroy'd, disturb'd her Peace,
 Her Faith by zealous Factions torn ;
 Yet thy Return they hail, and ease
 Their Cares suspended with harmonious Lays.

VIII.

So the bright Ruler of the Day,
 As Spring leads on the infant Year,
 When dusky Clouds obstruct his Ray,
 Still hov'ring upon Winter's Rear,
 Gilds with his Beams the dropping Rain,
 The Gloom clears up, and smiles the naked Plain.

Part I

VI

In vain her shores the Ocean waves;
 Ports open on her widening Coast
 Joyless we view, for broken Waves
 And Nature's idle Whirlings boast
 Longing like Shades for further Light
 With Arms outstretched, they roll between her
 Tide.

VII

How'er Apollo's sun-burnt Face
 Their Country's Downfall isle is seen
 Her Arts destroy'd, disturb'd her Laws
 Her Faith by jealous Factions torn
 Yet thy Famine they hail, and eke
 Their Cares suspended with harmonious Lay.

VIII

So the bright Rider of the Day,
 As Spring leads on the infant Year,
 When dusky Clouds obscure the Ray,
 Still hovering upon Winter's Rear,
 Glides with his Hounds the sleeping King
 The Clouds clear up, and show the new-born Spring.



O D E IV.

O N

Mr. P O P E.

DELUDED with an empty Dream,
 In vain old *Ennius* would aspire,
 To boast the more than mortal Flame
 Of *Homer's* Genius and Heroic Fire:
Achaia's Pride, that slept obscure so long,
 Revives, and triumphs in the *British* Song.

What solemn Majesty informs
 The many-sounding martial Strain,
 Great as when *Eurus*, breathing Storms
 And rushing, rouses all the swelling Main!
 With lashing Tumult shakes the solid Shore,
 And Heav'n's high Arch remurmurs to the Roar!

Rapt by the God of tuneful Sounds;
Pope mounts aloft on Fancy's Wings:
 Disdainful of inferiour Bounds,
 His Muse delights in unfrequented Springs,
 From Virgin Mines extracts the purer Ore,
 And blesses Britain with unborrow'd Store.

Or, *Homer's* Ensigns proud to bear,
 With undiminish'd Pomp she shines
 Full in the Front, or in the Rear,
 And, thick'ning, thunders through the lofty Lines:
 Fierce as the Troops in deathful Deeds engage,
 She pants, and kindles with redoubled Rage.

Thus, darted from the starry Skies,
 Impetuous Lightning wings its Course;
 Through crackling Woods the Ruin flies,
 Glows, as it moves, and flames with keener
 Force:
 Wide and more wide the lambent Blazes play,
 And pour through Night a visionary Day.

What Bard with Demigods and Kings
 Shall swell the daring Epic Strain?
 Nor fail, nor falter, as he sings
Troy's Bulwark, *Hector* on the doubtful
 Plain?

Or

Or great *Achilles* of superior Might,
By Wrath subdu'd, invincible in Fight?

Or *Diomed*, with Fury stung
To brave the Deities in Arms?

Or *Nestor*, from whose melting Tongue
Persuasion issu'd with resistless Charms,
To calm that Rage, the Spring of *Grecian* Woes,
Which made *Achilles* and *Atrides* Foes?

Say, who secure through pathless Roads
Shall meditate his arduous Way?
Dauntless explore the blest Abodes,
And living Fountains of eternal Day?
There view the Gods in Council seated round,
And rich Repasts with blooming Nectar crown'd?

With Majesty of Thunder dire
Who cloath on high the Sov'reign God,
While bursting Clouds denounce his Ire,
And wide *Olympus* trembles at his Nod?
Who bring th' Immortals from their peaceful Bow'rs
To shine in Arms, and mix with mortal Pow'rs.

To

To grace and charm the ravish'd Age
 Harmonious *Pope* asserts the Bays,
 And, breathing all the *Grecian* Sage,
 Supports the Grandeur of his Golden Lays;
 Quick to the Charge with equal Spirit flies :
 As *Hercules* for *Atlas* propp'd the Skies,



O D A

S U ' L

Signore *Alessandro Popeo*.

DELUSO d' un ingannevol' pensiero
 Ennio il gran' decor' della Latia gente
 In vano vantò del divino Homero
 Lo spirito immortal' già rinascente.
 Ecco lo stesso indubitato e vero
 Nell Iliade Inglese hor ci par presente.
 Qual bella Harmonia nel canto suona!
 E qual Maestà solennemente tuona!

Tal di sopr-umana potenza armato
 Si spande lo Euro su le marine onde,
 Quando al sonoro ed horribil fiato
 Si turbando esse inforgon' furibonde:
 E' concesso il Mar, e si sveglia irato
 Ed irrumpe alto 'e sbocca le sue sponde,

Tremas

Trema la terra a'l gran' etherea tromba,
E rispondendo il Ciel sonor' rimbomba.

Va rapito da Fèbo il Dio de i cantà
A Scendendo per le di lui celesti ali ;
Vola veloce con penne vaganti
Per i monti delle Muse immortali ;
O se sciavando i fonti natii vanti
La patria ondar con mani trionfali,
O se la bandiera d'Homer tollendo
Porti il vigor' e il rînforzi muovendo.

Tal da'l Orato cielo fiamma cade,
La qual' porta seco virtù possente,
Tra le selve ardenti fa le sue strade,
Le qual quinci e quindi ella va pascente.
Volando il vigor le accresce e beltade
Anco piu i lucidi suoi rai effundente.
Lo splendor' miro scintillante intorno
Fa che l'atra notte sembri lo giorno.

Chi oserà hor cantar' con sonante lira
Degli Heroi di nomi famosi in guerra

I grandi

I grandi fatti e la forza si mira
 Il cui sonor' rinom' riempie la terra?
 Chi Ettor' Turre a Troia? ò vinto da'l ira
 Achille il cui gran' braccio ogni hoste atterra,
 A gli Dei equal d' esercito Troiano
 Stupendo terror' d' invincevol' mano?

Chi Diomed' il qual pien' di furore
 Levò la destra contro gli immortali?
 Ove ondante molli voci Nestore
 Che molce d'Achille e il Re gli odii mali?
 Vince d'uno e d'altro l' irato core
 Che le nemiche Spade fea letali,
 Chi fara si ardito che in cielo tenti
 Entrar' nei configlii d' eterne menti?

O descriver' il nettarin' liquore
 Che bevon' la fà gli alti etherei numi?
 O vestir Giove in horribil' terrore
 Mentre gli balenan' di sdegno i lumi?
 Spezzan' le nubi e con imman' fragore
 Sonando versan' immensi ignei fiumi,

Che

Che vanno il ciel turbando ed infiammando
E'l vasto Olimpo si muove tremando.

Chi tenterà cò i sui versi levati
Tirar gli Dei il gran Empireo abitanti?
E pignerli col suo terrore armati
E miscerli fra gli huomini pugnanti?
Compie Popeo quei stupori alzati
Il nuovo Homer con forze trionfanti.
Talmente a'l peso imman, ch' Atla lasciollo,
De'l ciel succeffe Alcide e supportollo.

F I N I S.



